

LA MOILLE NEWSDEALER.

VOLUME 3.

HYDE PARK, VERMONT, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1863.

NUMBER 32.

S. HOWARD, Publisher.

"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

TERMS: \$1.50 per year, or \$1.25 in advance.

For the Newsdealer.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

This world, a busy scene of care,
Produces much that's hard to bear.
Produces much that's good and true,
And many things, both old and new;
But of all else, I prize above
The ties of Friendship and of Love.

The statesman's pride, the monarch's power,
Are bound and withered in an hour;
The miser's wealth, the nabob's store,
Only increase their want of more;
Neither of these I prize above
The ties of Friendship and of Love.

The world can ne'er with all its charms,
Its din of battle, clash of arms;
Its mighty quarrels, petty strife,
Lighten the toils of daily life—
Nought can do this below, above
But ties of Friendship and of Love.

LINES

Written on the death of a friend.
"Save my life," she gently murmured,
"For my dear mother's sake!"
Fearing that she would be lonely
In her home made desolate.

But she is gone—our darling Hattie,—
Her home is now on high;
In that land of life and beauty,
Where friends will never die.

There we must strive to meet her,
In that sweet home above;
Where all is life and glory,
And all is peace and love.

Weep not for her, dear mother,
Your treasure is in Heaven;
Singing with that heavenly choir,
That never knows an end.

E. M.

Morristown, Vt.

From the Bellows Falls Times.

VERMONTERS ON THE RETREAT.

[The following letter, by Col. Rowell, ought to have appeared last week, but did not reach us in season. We believe however that it will be read with interest even at this late day.—Ed.]

Do not understand from this heading, reader, that I intend to cast any reflection upon the brave boys that hail from the Green Mountain State, but possess yourself with patience and read my short chapter and you will find them, as I have, acute philosophers as well as brave soldiers.

Last Saturday morning I left this city for Falmouth, to visit a brother, who marches under a good old Massachusetts regimental flag, on whose torn and tattered stripes are still visible the names of thirteen battle fields. Honorable flag! brave men! For two long years you have defended that flag, and patiently endured the trials and hardships incident to the camp and field. I could not wait longer without clapping by the hand that brave brother, whose young years have been crowded with a world of events, a narrative of which would form a library for the romantic, as well as the serious and reflective.

On reaching Acquia Creek vague rumors were afloat that the army was "changing its base of operations," but ascertaining nothing definite I determined to proceed to Falmouth. "Suiting the action to the word," I jumped aboard a train of cars, with scarcely a thought of my destination, and not the remotest conception of the trials before me. It was a freight train, and after we had got under full headway I began to exercise my philosophical powers and collect my ideas into shape and form.

"An empty train going to Falmouth!" thought I. What does it mean? Really, all rumors are not lies. An empty train going to the headquarters of the army of the Potomac! Why, to my inexperienced eye, it should be loaded with all the paraphernalia of war. Empty cars, when such quantities of provisions, &c., crowd the wharves at Acquia Creek! Really, something is up! Soliloquies may be pleasant and profitable sometimes, but on occasion and about this time I began to feel a little unpleasant, and there was a poor chance to profit by the reflection, for the train was under full speed, and no chance to leave and retrace my steps.

We reached Falmouth about 3 o'clock, where we found everything connected with war in profusion and confusion.

"Dat am Fredericksburg ober dar," says a big lusty-looking negro, as he spied me gazing for the "sights."

"That Fredericksburg, sir?" I asked, a little astonished.

"Yes, sa, and dat am the Lacy House. Ober dar on the other side is whar de big fight was."

"Where is Falmouth?" I asked.

"O, all around heah," said sambo,

smiling a little, doubtless at my evident astonishment.

I was astonished, for I had supposed there was quite a village a Falmouth, but only here and there was a house to be seen, bearing some marks of former beauty and quiet; but now, on every side you could read the sad history of the war, and trace its finger mark that leaves nothing but devastation and ruin. While thus gazing, I noticed a paper pinned upon a smoky tent on which was printed "Provost Marshal." I entered and made enquiry for the 6th Army Corps.

"What Division, sir?"

"The 3d, Captain."

"That is across the river, but the 2nd is about two miles in the rear of my tent."

"Can I get across the river, Captain?"

I have a pass from the War Department."

"Certainly, sir, no trouble," and stepping outside he pointed the direction to pursue.

I took a look at the train of cars, and found they were being rapidly loaded. The mystery of the empty cars needed no explanation. But I resolved to go ahead, and after walking three miles landed at the pontoon bridges that cross the Rappahannock. But I could go no further. Orders are imperative. The guard gave me a knowing kind of a wink as he remarked:

"You might as well stay this side, for I guess you'll see them all before morning."

"You anticipate a retreat?" I enquired.

"No doubt about it. They won't let even the mail wagon across, and don't you see we have got the bridges covered with hay? That's so they can come back still."

Turning around, I saw a soldier who looked good enough to be a Vermonter, filling his canteen with water. My case began to look a little dubious, and I felt the necessity of finding some acquaintances.

"I say, fellow, do you know where the Vermont 3d is?"

"Guess I do. I belong to the 5th, and the 3d is close by us."

"How far from here?"

"About a mile, over on the hill. I am going right up, and will show you the camp."

It was not long before I had around me many old friends and acquaintances. I was tired, hungry and faint, but soon Lieut. Kennedy had a dish of oysters cooked, after which we took a large field glass and commenced to survey the points of interest in that truly historic region. Not more than three miles from us, on the first tier of hills south of the Rappahannock, we could distinctly see the rebel camp, their forts, rifle-pits, &c. With the aid of the glass we could count the line of pickets on both sides for four or five miles. A balloon was up making observations, and various speculations were going on among the troops as to the chances and probabilities of a move.

While thus engaged, *whiz* came a shell from a rebel battery, and struck about 20 rods from where we stood. In a moment another, and then another came, each one bringing forth some laughable remark from the boys, who appeared as cool and collected as though the terrible messengers of death were mere squibs from a pop-gun. It was not long before two of our batteries returned the compliment, and for a few minutes the fire was lively, when the rebels ceased, and everything became quiet, I know of no damage being done, but it did seem to my inexperienced eyes and ears rather a risky place.

For an hour or more thick, black heavy clouds had been gathering, and soon the stunning peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning were followed by terrific wind and rain. I believe I never saw it rain harder than it did for thirty minutes. We were lying in small shelter tents, and it was not long before our blankets became saturated and we were encircled in large pools. It was indeed a sorry looking time for me, being ill prepared for any such hardship, but the boys were as merry and jovial as on a festive day, and from nearly every tent it seemed, in that vast camp, issued forth the voice of song, joke and laughter. There is a present

result from such philosophy, and very cheering too, for, weary, wet and tired as I was, and for the first time under the range of those huge rebel guns, I couldn't help joining lustily in the chorus of "Old John Brown," and "We are going home, to die no more." The effect of these camp songs are truly wonderful. In the course of an hour, however, we began to quiet down, and had come to the conclusion that there would be no move that night. It was still raining hard, and "dark as a pocket,"—you could scarcely see your hand before you,—when up comes an officer and says:

"Fall into line, as soon as possible, every man."

In less than ten minutes, everything was packed, and the men in line, and on the march toward the fatal Rappahannock!

Reader, have you any curiosity to know the ideas that flashed across my mind almost as rapid and vivid as the forked lightning that darted across those black, gloomy clouds, which were pouring out their torrents upon us? Lest I may betray a weakness, or in legal phrase, "incriminate myself," I will say but this: Imagine yourself in the same predicament, and note your own thoughts.

It was not long before we filed to the left, and passed through a piece of woods and to describe correctly that scene, needs a more ready pen than I wield. It was at least half a mile through the woods. We did not march, but *crowded* and *waded* through. First, on our feet in mud up to our knees, then down on all fours, stumbling through gutters, and running your arms, as well as legs elbow deep in the mud. I seriously believe there were men who fell down twenty-five times in passing through those woods. Finally we reached the open fields, and I began to flatter myself we would soon reach a road, and have comfortable traveling. We marched on, over hills and valleys, swamps and mud-holes, till about eleven o'clock, when it ceased raining, and we halted to rest. Civilians are ignorant about war, and I was stupid enough to expose my ignorance by asking the Captain who has thus far helped me along through the mud, "why in the devil we didn't get into a road."

The Captain laughed heartily and remarked, what I never thought of before and perhaps you never did, reader, "that military roads are for artillery and baggage trains, not for infantry soldiers. The movements of a great army cannot be made in roads they would be so strung out."

I saw the point without any great difficulty, and at the end of another hour's march, I witnessed a truthful demonstration of the remark. We were now in the vicinity of Potomac Creek. Four miles of the railroad had been torn up, the sleepers put into large piles, and the heavens were lighted up with the glare of the huge fires. The clouds also began to break away, and from the eminence where we now halted, looking in the direction of those fires and to the right, we could see miles of baggage wagons and artillery. It was a magnificent sight, to see that immense train winding up over the heights the white canvass of the wagons reflecting back the glare of the huge bon-fires. The movements of a great army? I have read of it in history, I have listened to the interesting narratives of our own brave men, and supposed I had some idea proximating its immensity, and grandeur, but it is all as nothing compared with that magnificent sight which the glare of these great fires brought to view.

But on we went, and still on, nearly all the way, through the fields as before mentioned, till two o'clock, when we reached Brook's station, where we halted for the remainder of the night. We had marched twelve miles in five hours, two hours of which time we were in a thoroughly soaking rain. Wet, weary and exhausted, we laid down beside the road, and soon were as "quiet as lambs." With a rubber blanket for a bed, and a woolen one for a covering, we laid there for two hours in open air, and slept as calmly as an infant. At four o'clock we got up, built our fires, made some tea and coffee, in which we soaked our bread, and took quiet breakfast after which I bid adieu to the last

Vermont Brigade, and made my way to Acquia Creek, and thence by boat to Washington. When I left the Brigade, it was understood they would soon take up their march for Dumfries, which I pray they reached in safety and good spirits.

Such, reader, is my short account of "Vermonters on the retreat," giving you an inkling of the hardships of camp life, and how our brave fellows endure it. I am always proud of my native State, but prouder now than ever, for I have seen what noble men will endure without a murmur and how cheerfully they obey and suffer for their country's cause.

O, ye men and women of Vermont, are you as willing to bear your share of the burdens of this terrible war, as are the brave men in the field? Then cease your murmurs, for they endure and complain not, and are now, as ever, ready to sacrifice all for "God and our native land." The First Brigade has a noble record, let it be cherished as sacred and holy, and when you read "Vermonters are on the retreat," remember it is only in obedience to proper authority. H. W. Rowell. Washington, June 15, 1863.

Written for the Newsdealer.

NATURE IN SPRING.

With what splendor has Nature bedecked our world with its loveliest hues, and filled every heart with gladness. Look abroad as far as the eye can extend, and we see all nature spread out before us. From the deepest valley to the highest mountain top; sending forth the fragrance of its flowers, embalming the air around, to our delight. The tiny leaf seems to spring into existence as by magic, leaving its winter's bed to adorn the mother tree with its resplendent beauty and loveliness; what is more consoling, more enchanting, than to take a stroll through the forest, when all nature seems to be springing into existence, and prosperity is written on all around, even the little songster seems to be gladdened as he flits from tree to tree among the green leaves and various colored flowers, sending forth praise to the giver of all good. Abundant are the blessings which nature's God bestows upon us, and our hearts should team with gratitude. J. F. S., Stowe.

HOW MEN GROW.

Even in the darkest cellar when spring comes, the tuber will sprout; no rains help it and no sunlight; yet it will waste its very life in shooting forth long and etiolated stems and reach toward any chink or crevice, through which the faintest gleam may come. But so little light as that makes growth to be exhaustion; and such are men grown in the darkness of oppression, while a freeman, with all the circumstances and opportunity of admiring liberty, resemble more our own New England pine that asks not richness of soil, that grows from among the rocks, and clothes the granite hills; and feels abundantly even in the sands—whose leaf never withers, and is as green in the winter as in the summer: behold it, standing on the mountain top, and singing with every branch when the summer winds play through it; and even in the direct extremity of winter bearing up the cold snows upon its tufted branches upon his head; and such is the man full-grown and strong in the nourishing air of Liberty. J. F. S., Stowe, Vt.

The enrollment of the militia in this State, made by the selectmen of the several towns, in January, under the State law, shows 30,112 men subject to draft. Certificates were granted by the State Medical Board to 2,384 men. This is an increase over the number liable to draft after the nine months men regiments had been raised, as shown by the enrollment of August, 1862, of 5,410 men.

The whole number of troops raised, in Vermont and mustered into the United States, service, exclusive of the three months men, is 18,581, as shown by the records of the Adjutant General's Office; being an excess of 625 men above all quotas required of the State. Of the whole number, 13,758 men have mustered for three years, and 4,823 for nine months.

FROM THE 5TH REGIMENT.

Mrs. Hall, of this village has handed us the following, and we publish it, presuming it will be interesting to all who have friends in the 8th.

MORDOCKS' PLANTATION, May 20th, 1863.

Dear Wife:—I have got another opportunity of sending a few lines to you, which I will improve as best I can. My health continues good. We left Alexandria, May 18th, we marched only half the day and reached our present place. I have built a little shanty, which looks very much like school children's play houses.

Do you remember our book about Solomon Northrop. I am now very near where he used to live, many negroes on this plantation knew him, he used to fiddle here. After this he lived with Epps. On our way back from Alexandria, I crossed Fords plantation, where Northrop lived before Epps bought him. It is a very pretty place, but I did not know that it was the place, until after I had passed it. If you remember about it, the book speaks of old aunt Phoebe and Patsy, who were whipped, and Bob; they were all on Epps plantation. When we came here, it was said that aunt Phoebe was there, but the rest have all gone with some soldiers that passed their house. I hope that it will so happen that I can see some of them before I leave this section of country.

Near Port Hudson, May 29th, 1863.—As I have not had an opportunity to send this, I will write a little more this morning. We got a mail this morning. We left the place where we were, when the first part of this was written, and came to Simmsport, and took boats for Bayou Sara, a place on Mississippi River, some ten miles above Port Hudson. We then marched to this place. Wednesday we advanced to the attack. We had to march through the woods in which the rebels had got breastworks, and there was plenty of them behind them too. They opened fire upon us, and I tell you that the bullets came thick for a while. Joseph Kimball of Cady's Falls, was killed, and ten wounded in our company. We are now behind a hill or bank within 40 rods of the rebels, and while I write, the bullets are flying over our heads. We have had some tall marching to do, some days we marched from 25 to 32 miles. We have not had much fighting to do until now. We have enough to eat, so that we get along, although some say they have been a little short.

I do not know how long it will take us to take this place, but we are going to have it sometime. JOHN HALL.

FROM THE WEST.

HEADQUARTERS 5TH ILLINOIS CAV., Haines' Bluffs, Miss., June 14.

MR. EDITOR:—My last communication was from Arkansas—I now write you from near Vicksburg. The 5th Ill. Cavalry was ordered to Vicksburg on the 28th of May. We embarked on transports and arrived above the city on the 1st day of June. We were in full view of the city and water batteries and saw the mortar boats throwing shell into the town. We were then ordered up the Yazoo to Chickasaw Bayou, then disembarked and marched to Haines' Bluffs and camped for the night on the ground. The enemy left but a few days ago, and left very extensive earth fortifications here, and our army now occupy them and are strengthening them and making more extensive works. The expectation is that the enemy are massing a large force to relieve Pemberton. Grant has the city surrounded and working upon them all the time. There is no earthly chance for them to escape it. It is only a question of time for the downfall of Vicksburg. If our army should make an assault on their works, the slaughter of human beings would be awful. No doubt people in the New England states are very impatient to hear that the "Gibralter" of the Southern Confederacy is subdued; but you must wait patiently. Could you see the formation of the country, and what our army have to contend with, you could then form some idea of what is to be done. It would not do for me to state the disposition of troops around the city, but suffice to say, they are not asleep, nor will they until the work is effectually done which they have in hand.

On the 3d of June, Brig. Gen. Kimball embarked one brigade of infantry and one field battery on transports. They started up the Yazoo, conveyed by two gun boats, for the town of Sotartice. The 5th Ill. Cavalry, 4 companies of the 4th Iowa, 2 companies 2d Ill., and two companies of the 15th Ill. Cavalry; the whole force eleven hundred strong, rank and file, were ordered to go to Mechanicsburg, a small town three miles inland from Sotartice—distant from Haines' Bluffs about thirty miles. The cavalry started about 3 o'clock, and marched ten miles, then encamped for the night. The pickets were fired on as soon as they were put out. The men lay on their arms during the night, and at daylight the column started, but had not gone far before it met the rebel skirmishers; we then deployed and moved slowly and skirmished for 12 miles, over fields, through brush and the roughest ground in the country,—the Green Mountains would have been preferable. We arrived within five miles of Mechanicsburg, and our field battery commenced booming; the cavalry then took the double-quick and went into the town as fast as the horses could go in their jaded state. When we arrived we found the country alive with rebels. The General ordered the cavalry to make a charge on the enemy, and we selected out the best horses and started with 250 men. The enemy kept forming their lines, and our boys kept charging through them, and cutting and hewing them with the sabre, and taking prisoners. We drove them five miles, took forty-nine prisoners, and killed fifteen of their men. We then returned to town and encamped for the night, the horses and men all worn down riding in the hot sun and dust. The next morning your correspondent was ordered to take two hundred men and reconnoiter in the vicinity of Yazoo City, which was twenty-four miles up the river from Mechanicsburg. We went within fourteen miles of Yazoo City, and found they had left all their picket posts, and we could not see a man. We returned to camp, and the next morning the whole command was ordered back to Haines' Bluff, where we now are. The loss on our side, in the expedition, was one man killed and four badly wounded. It was the determination and bravery of our men that saved us. The enemy was four to one; but we went into them with such vengeance they no doubt thought we had a large army, and their safety depended on their retreating as fast as possible.

If they want to come to Haines' Bluff, they will meet with a warm reception. It would be "contraband" for me to state the strength of the army at this point, and the position of the troops; but there is force enough here to meet any force the enemy can bring against us. Maj. A. B. SEELY, 5th Ill. Cav.

A correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser thus describes some of the troops of the gallant Grierson:—"Just before our departure, the travel-stained cavalry regiments of Colonels Grierson and Prince came into town from the interior, and we had a brief account of their splendid raid of seven hundred and eighty miles through the enemy's country. Although a dustier and worse soiled cavalcade was never seen, the men rode erect, and even looked fresh enough to do another hundred miles or so in the saddle, with a change of horses. Nearly every one bore some plunder as a memento of the affair. One old fellow amused us greatly. He rode a switch-tailed mule, for which he had exchanged his worn out horse. He carried two Confederate sabres swung at his saddle-bow in addition to his own, a double-barrelled shot-gun hung beside his carbine and to crown all, he carried a fiddle-box under his left arm. As he smiled from under his slouched hat, and glanced benignly upon us through a pair of huge green goggles, the disposition to outrageous mirth was irrepressible. Such a ludicrous combination of all the best traits of the Yankee character—courage, dash, endurance, and thrift—was never seen before. Several hundred mounted contrabands who came in with them, were at once turned over to our brigade.